Sunday Gazette-Mail
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P 1071

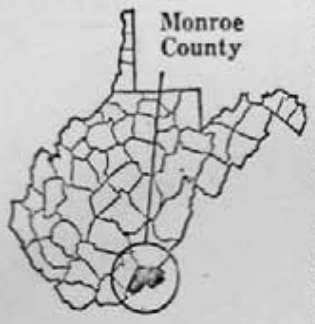
Indians Broke Up Monroe Settlement 200 Years Ago

Monroe County was formed from part of Greenbrier County by an act of the General Assembly of Virginia which was passed on January 15, 1799. It is one of the older counties of West Virginia, the 12th to be formed by the Old Commonwealth in the territory west of the Alleghenies. It was named for James Monroe, the fifth president of the United States.

The county government was originated on May 21, 1799, at the home of George King who lived near what is now Union, the county seat. The original settler on Monroe soil was James Moss, who in 1760 erected a cabin near Sweet Springs. James Byrnside was also an early settler. In 1782 the Indians, led by the relentless Cornstalk, broke up the settlement in this area and the settlers had to flee to more thickly populated parts in order to escape the attack. In 1769 the county was again settled and pioneer forts were erected at several places as a means of defense against the recurring Indian raids.

The land area of Monroe is 473.8 square miles. By the 1960 census count the population numbers 13,334 people. It is the extreme southeastern county of the state and borders on Giles County, Virginia. For many miles Peter's Mountain forms the boundary line between Monroe County and the state of Virginia. Large areas in the northern, central, and southern parts of the county are occupied by elevated and gently rolling plateaus. The limestone areas contrast sharply with the steep and stony mountain ridges, and form many landscapes of unusual interest and rare beauty.

MONROE IS AN agricultural county situated just outside the coal producing area of Southern West Virginia. The eastern section lies within the limestone area. It is one of the great blue grass regions of the world and is admirably adapted to grazing and raising livestock. Dairy farming and poultry raising are prominent in Monroe County. There is also an abundance of fruit culture in the area.



The county has a great variety of mineral waters and springs which were well known and were famous with the early settlement people who visited the fashionable resorts, and by those who "sought health in the curative power of the waters from the medicinal springs." Red Sulphur, Gray Sulphur, Salt Sulphur and Burdette Springs were all considered to have "great power to cure the ills of mankind."

The Rehobeth Church, near Union, was erected in 1786 and is the oldest Methodist Church west of the Alleghenies. The building is in an almost perfect state of preservation and is an historical landmark. It is visited by many people each year.

This county is also the home of Andrew S. Rowan of Spanish American War Fame. He was immortalized by Elbert Hubbard's classic "A Message to Garcia." The home for the aged citizens at Sweet Springs is named in his memory.

The county seat is Union which was settled by James Alexander in 1774. The original charter was granted in 1799, and the town was named Union because "in frontier days the site of the town was a rendezvous for troops during the Indian Wars."

Other municipalities in the county are Peterstown and Alderson. The land for the town of Peterstown was surveyed in 1801 by James Byrnside. It was first incorporated in 1892 and was named for Christian Peters, a Revolutionary War soldier, who was one of its first settlers. "He 'set aside' the land for the town."

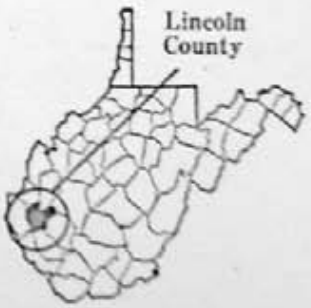
ALDERSON BELONGS to both Monroe and Greenbrier counties. It was settled in 1777, and was named for James Alderson. Mr. Alderson was a Baptist minister who helped to settle the town. An early school of "high rank" was established here and was maintained for many years. It was called the Alderson Academy.

United States highway No. 219 passes through the county from north to south, from Lewisburg to the Virginia border at Peterstown. The county has a well developed system of highways. Many of the roads follow the old Indian trails and are noted for the scenic beauty of the countryside.

President Lincoln's Name Given New County in 1867

On an April day in 1863, the 16th president of the United States signed a bill providing for the establishment of a new state — West Virginia.

On a February day in 1867, the West Virginia Legislature passed an act creating a county from sections of Cabell, Putnam, Kanawha and Boone counties. It was named Lincoln, after the president who signed that bill four years earlier.



Having a county named for a president wasn't enough for the residents. They named the county seat Hamlin — after Hannibal Hamlin, vice president during Lincoln's first term. Another story, though, has it named for Bishop Leonidas L. Hamline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with a postmaster later dropping the final letter.

Like many other West Virginia counties, Lincoln had coal. The northern half of the county years ago developed oil and gas extensively. Lumber and tobacco were other important resources, but a splendid stand of timber was depleted as the land was cleared for agriculture.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway later became an important asset.

articles clipped by
Lant Rader Slaven

P 171

Purloined Princess

By Lester Lively

6m — The Gazette's Magazine Section, February 17, 1957 Charleston W. Va

KIDNAPED from the home of her parents at the age of seven, carried through hundreds of miles of wilderness, adopted into one of the ruling families and reared as a princess of the forest was the lot of Elizabeth Graham, daughter of Col. James Graham, pioneer settler in Summers County.

About 1770, Col. Graham along with Conrad Keller, Samuel Gwinn, Jessie Beard, Jeptha Massie and others founded a settlement on Greenbrier River where the village of Lowell now is located.

To protect themselves from warlike Indians, a fort was built on the east side of Greenbrier River where the C&O bridge is located and on the land now owned by Frank Lively and Mark Canterberry.

This fort was an enclosure of logs set upright in a trench and sharpened on the top. The thickness of the wall was sufficient to stop the bullets and arrows fired by the attacking Indians and the sharpened tops made it difficult to scale the wall and go across the top to the inside. Additional protection was given by the waters of Greenbrier River and Kelleys Creek.

* * *

THE INDIANS were particularly active in this area during the Revolutionary War, perhaps being incited by the British to attack the colonists. In the year of 1780 Tomm. an Griffith was killed at the mouth of Griffith Creek and a year or two earlier, an old lady by the name of Massey was killed on the Matthews farm at Talcott. (Now owned by Ed Chatlin).

In the summer of 1777, word was brought to the settlers on the Greenbrier that Indians were approaching the area. The Grahams, the Kellers, the Gwinns and others in the settlement gathered in the fort where they stayed for some time. As time passed on without the Indians making their appearance their fears subsided.

Col. Graham whose home was just across the river in the old log house, which still stands, felt that the danger might not be too great.

He took his family home, but took the precaution to place his bed across the door that night while he slept.

In the night he felt the door being pushed open. He called to others in the house who came to his assistance. While they were trying to get the door secured the Indians opened fire and a bullet coming through the door killed a Mr. McDonald, who was assisting Col. Graham.

Graham and his friends went to the upstairs where they opened fire on the attackers through the port holes. One Indian was hit, but not killed at the time. Sometime later an Indian skeleton was found on Hungarts Creek where the farm of J. H. Andrews now is located and it was thought to have been the Indian that was wounded in the affray.

* * *

WHILE A PART of the body of savages were attacking the main dwelling, another group entered a building nearby which was used as a kitchen. In this room a man named Sharp was sleeping. When he was awakened by the cries of the attacking party he tried to save himself by crawling up the massive chimney at one end of the room. He was quickly hauled down, tomahawked and scalped.

The sleeping quarters just over the kitchen were occupied by the two children of Graham. John, a boy of 10 was wounded in the knee by a shot fired through the floor from below. His injury made it impractical for the savages to take him with them and he was tomahawked and scalped, but Elizabeth, 7, was carried away with them.

* * *

THE INDIANS immediately set out for the Ohio River with Graham and his friends in pursuit. However, they succeeded in outdistancing the pursuers and made their way safely to the Shawnee towns on the Scioto River in Ohio.

Later Col. Graham learned the whereabouts of his daughter, but the Indians refused to surrender her. She had been adopted by one of the lesser chiefs in the tribes which had been ruled over by the great chief, Cornstalk.

Years of negotiation followed, but the treachery of the Indians resulted in failure to return the daughter. Eight years after her capture, when she was 15 years of age, a deal was made with the Indians for her return. The deal was made at Limestone Creek, near Maysville, Ky. The ransom paid was 30 saddles, along with beads and trinkets to the value of three hundred dollars. Graham and his friends, when they started home, reversed the shoes on their horses so that the Indians, if they started in pursuit, would be fooled in the direction they were traveling.

* * *

ELIZABETH had to adjust herself to the ways of civilization. Having been carried away at such an early age she remembered very little of the ways of life of her white relatives. Evidently she was well treated by her savage friends, because after her return home she often expressed a desire to return to them. It is said that when she became angry she would threaten to go back and on one occasion she did start. She was accompanied a part of the way by a sister who finally prevailed upon her to return to her home.

In the year of 1752 when she was 22 years of age she married Joel Stedghill. They established a home on Hans Creek in Monroe County and reared a family of five sons and four daughters. Many of her descendants still live in Monroe and Summers Counties.

article clipped by Lant Rader Slaven

article clipped by Lant Rader Slaven

The Herald-Advertiser, Huntington, W. V

a., Sunday Morning, September 29 1929

TRI-STATE REGION WAS FREQUENTED BY INDIANS IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

Tragic Adventures of the Moore Family Illustrates How Redmen Lived and Plundered; South Point Favorite Crossing Place

By R. C. HALL

Those who read or study only the major events of the Indian wars of a century and a quarter ago miss many a thrilling episode and many which would, perhaps, make a more lasting impression on their minds than the performances of Wayne and Harrison, important as they are. Especially is this true if the event took place in one's own neighborhood or close by, where he is familiar with the setting and can picture to himself just what happened, and how, and where.

A case in point is that of the destruction of the Moore family by Indians about 1775.

James Moore was a descendant from what Americans know as Scotch-Irish ancestors, a Virginian by birth, and a pioneer who first settled with his young wife near Natural Bridge, but about 1775 moved to Tazewell county [illegible] with the aid of an Englishman [illegible]ed John Simpson, erected a cabin [illegible] time of this story.

[illegible] noted historian traveling through this country about 1846 described it thus:

"The whole of a vast landscape was filled with a sea of mountains beyond mountains, in an apparent interminable continuity. . . . . Not a clearing was to be seen—not even a solitary smoke from some cabin curled up the intervening valleys to indicate the presence of man."

If such was the wilderness of the country in 1846, what must it have been over 60 years earlier, when the Moores settled there?

Mr. Moore already had three sons, John, James and Joseph, and it was the second that first fell a victim to the depredations of the Indians while in his fourteenth year.

Went After Horses

His father had sent him to catch some horses about two and a half miles away, preparatory to going to mill some 12 miles distant. The whole trip in each case had to be made through a veritable wilderness with no houses or clearings along the way. The boy, however, had frequently made such trips and sometimes, even, a part of the return was made after dark and he had never been particularly disturbed about it.

On the day in question, however, he seems to have gone but a short distance before he became panic-stricken, not thinking so much of Indians as of some wild beast that he pictured in his mind about to devour him. As he neared the field where the horses were, three Indians sprang from concealment and one grabbed him. He screamed in terror, apparently thinking the animal he had been thinking of had him, and he records the fact himself that he was much relieved to find it was only an Indian.

[illegible] found that he was the dantly supplied with deer and buffalo for Moore records that they killed these animals whenever needed and even dried some meat and took it along to eat on the way.

Crossed River On Raft

Just where the party struck the Ohio is not known, but Moore himself says: "We crossed the Ohio between the mouth of Guyandotte and Big Sandy, on a raft made of dry logs, and tied together with grapevines." This crossing was made, no doubt, near South Point, as they went on through what is now Lawrence county and struck the Scioto river some distance this side of Chillicothe, and turned. However, finding their homes this would have been their shortest route.

The party remained on the banks of the Scioto one day and made pictures to represent themselves and their prisoner and then pushed on to their town where Chillicothe now stands.

As they approached the town, the Indians painted themselves black, but did not paint their prisoner, which fact he says was a good omen. Moreover, the Wolf took him to the home of his half-sister some distance from the town proper and thus saved him from the necessity or running the gauntlet, as would have been required if he had been taken direct into town.

The Wolf's half-sister took a fancy to Moore and bought him for an old horse. She seems to have treated him kindly and shortly after his arrival she left him alone several days, and later sent him alone after water—as he supposed, to see if he would attempt to run away.

During the winter, his mastress sent him with others on a hunting expedition which was very successful although he records the fact that he almost frose to death and the old Indian in charge of the party would make them all plunge in cold water every morning to prevent them from taking cold.

Upon the return to the village in the spring this old man gave the Moore youth to a trader from Detroit but his mistress raised such a fuss about it that the trader gave him up.

However, in April, he and others attended a dance at a village about two miles away and met several French traders there, among them a man named Batest Ariome, who took a great liking to Moore on account of a supposed resemblance to one of his sons and finally succeeded in buying him for the equivalent of $30 in trinkets that had some value in the eyes of the Indians.

Gets Letter Home

At this dance he also met a Mr. Sherlock from Kentucky, who had been a prisoner of this same tribe and had helped rescue a boy named [illegible] whose father knew Moore's

stance when game was finally killed the paunch was boiled up into broth and drunk freely for some time before any meat was eaten.

Upon reaching Chillicothe, Polly Moore was taken into the family of an old Indian and his wife who seemed to feel very sorry for her. In fact, it seems that this tribe of Shawnees was inclined to mercy, especially at that time, but a party of Cherokees returning from a war party in which several of their number had been killed, were bent on revenge. Accordingly Mrs. Moore and Jane were burned at the stake with great torture and cruelty. They are said to have borne their suffering with great Christian forbearance and to have shown no signs of fear while a squaw who was somewhat merciful tomahawked Mrs. Moore and saved her much suffering.

Thus, only Polly was left at Chillicothe and James with the French at Detroit, neither knowing anything about the whereabouts of the other. But about this time a band of whites were preparing to set out to put a stop for all time to such scenes in the Ohio valley, when they received word from Martha Ives to postpone their expedition on account of the added danger it would bring on the whites in the hands of the Indians. In November, two years later, the expedition did go, and burned the Indian villages which they found deserted and to which the Indians soon redestroyed, their food gone and a long winter before them, they went to Detroit, and during a drunken, de-

respected citizen of that community.

Martha Ives married a Mr. [illegible]mer and migrated to Indiana when they also raised a large family and did well.

Polly Moore, the remaining character of this story, spent her last years with an uncle, Joseph Walker on Buffalo Creek about six miles south of Lexington, Virginia. She is buried at the New Province church, 14 miles north of that place.

This is only one of the many incidents which show conclusively that the Indians had a well defined route through this section from their towns in Ohio to the hunting grounds in the mountains of Virginia. This path was adopted, no doubt, both because it was the shortest route and also because the Scioto and Big Sandy valleys offered easier traveling than the more rugged interior.

middle age and very stern appearance. The two others were youths of perhaps 18 years. They were all Shawnees and they started almost immediately for their towns in Ohio. First, however, Black Wolf ordered him to catch the horses and gave him some salt for the purpose. He planned to catch one, mount it and thus make his get away. Perceiving this, the Indians ran up as he was about to catch one and frightened it away. After this was repeated once or twice he made no further serious effort, and the Indians abandoned the idea of riding and the whole party set out on foot, the young Indians going ahead, Moore following and Black Wolf bringing up the rear.

At first Moore broke off twigs and branches at intervals in order to leave a plain trail for the rescue party which he knew would be out soon. But his captor perceived his scheme and speedily put a stop to it. Then, he make marks with his feet the best he could, but this also was detected, and Black Wolf showed him how to set his feet so as to leave practically no trail whatever. Moreover he shook his tomahawk over the youth's head as a warning to desist from his schems which thus came to naught.

Sixteen Miles Per Day

It was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon when they set out and so difficult was the walking, on account of the roughness of the ground and the thick underbrush that they had not covered over eight miles by nightfall. At sundown the Black Wolf gave a tremendous war whoop and repeated it the next morning at sunrise. This was done every day for the remainder of the journey, and Moore soon learned that it was a signal to all within hearing that the party was returning with a prisoner. The whoop differed from that used on any other occasion, it indicated a prisoner.

[illegible] whoop. The number of times it was repeated indicated the number of prisoners or of scalps, as the case might be.

They encamped for the night in a laurel thicket and without fire or food. A sort of halter was placed about the prisoner's neck and the Wolf held the other end of it during the night.

The next day they struck Tug Creek, descended Tug mountain until they came to a place called Maxwell's Gap. Here the Wolf went into the weeds and underbrush and brought out a sort of Dutch oven concealed there. This was given to Moore to carry.

After this they went on down the Big Sandy valley and for three days were without a bite to eat. On the fourth day they killed a buffalo. The Indians cut it open, took out the paunch and cleaned it and boiled it, together with a little of the meat, into a sort of broth or soup from which they drank freely, but ate none of the meat. This was an Indian custom to prevent food from hurting them after a long fast.

They now pushed on as rapidly as possible toward the Ohio, although Moore could scarcely walk for stone bruises as he was barefoot. He records that they frequently stepped over rattlesnakes but the Indians would not permit them to be harmed, as they had some superstitious legend associated with them.

It seems that as they approached the Ohio, game was more plentiful and what is now known as the tri-state region must have been abun-

[illegible] by and by he came to learn whether home and he stating that he believed it reached its destination and gave his father the first information he had of the boy's whereabouts. However, he was taken on to Detroit and the following events prevented any further communication between them.

Before ten years had passed after the first settlers moved into Abb's Valley, most of them had returned to the more thickly settled parts of Virginia, on account of the depredations of the Indians. The Moores, however, on account of the great fertility of the soil and the favorable conditions for stock raising—the things which had first attracted them there—refused to leave. They had about 100 head of horses and a large drove of cattle, which practically wintered themselves. The Englishman, Simpson, was still with them, as was also a Martha Ives, who helped them spin and a couple of men who worked about the place.

On July 14, 1838, the latter had gone to the field to cut wheat, the Englishman was sick and lying in the loft of the cabin and Mr. Moore had gone about 100 yards from the house to salt some horses, when about 30 Indians sprang from ambush and rushed toward the cabin firing as they ran. Two of the children, William and Rebecca, who were returning from the spring, and Alexander, who was in the yard, were almost instantly killed. Mr. Moore attempted to reach the cabin but finding this impossible ran past it and started to climb a fence but stopped and seven bullets passed through his body. He ran on about 40 yards and fell. The Indians scalped him, and his body was afterwards burned by the white settlers whom the two men in the field had summoned upon hearing the shooting. As it was six miles to the nearest neighbor, however, they [illegible]

Indians afterward said that Mr. Moore might have escaped had he not stopped on the fence, but it was supposed that he preferred to perish with his dear ones when he saw he could not save them.

The Englishman had already been shot through a crack in the cabin and Miss Ives concealed herself beneath the floor. She tried to persuade Polly, who was 8 years old, to conceal herself too, but the child refused to desert the baby.

The door was now broken down, Mrs. Moore, John, Jane and the baby taken prisoners and the cabin fired. Miss Ives escaped from the burning building and concealed herself again, this time under a log over a small stream near by, but thinking she was detected, she came out and gave herself up. This pleased the Indians very much and having taken everything they wanted, they started for their towns in Ohio, following practically the same course as that taken by James and his captors a few months before—down Big Sandy, and across the Ohio, through what is now Lawrence county, to the banks of the Scioto, where they found the pictures drawn by the previous party.

Babe Is Killed

John Moore, being unable to travel well, the Indians killed him the first day, and a few days later they dashed the baby's brains out against a tree because it was proving troublesome to them. Their manner of traveling was practically the same as that already described.

For several days the party was without food and as in the former in-

[illegible] man who lived at Point [illegible] the west end of Lake Erie for a gallon of rum.

James spoke in the highest terms of Mr. and Mrs. Arleme, said they treated him like one of their own sons with whom he worked on a farm, and Mrs. Arleme in particular encouraged him to return sometime to his people.

This family frequently went on trading trips, sometimes to quite a distance and it was while on one of these expeditions that James first learned that his family had been destroyed. He received the information from a Shawnee with whom he was acquainted and who had been on the war party that had attacked the Moore place.

Learns About Sister

The next Winter, he learned that his sister Polly had been purchased by a Mr. Stogwell and was preparing to go to her when he learned that Stogwell was preparing to move to that neighborhood in the spring and as winter was already far advanced he waited. Accordingly when Stogwells arrived he visited them and found his sister in a pitiable condition indeed. She was dirty and almost naked and constantly mistreated by Stogwell who seems to have been a very brutal sort of fellow.

James was advised to appeal to the commandant at Detroit and Mr. Simon Girty, whose bad deeds, it seems, would fill a good sized volume, performed one good deed in this instance and accompanied James to Colonel McKee, the superintendent of the Indians who brought suit against Stogwell in an effort to get possession of Polly Moore.

In this they were unsuccessful but it was decided that at the first opportunity the Moores might have of returning to Virginia, Polly should be released and that [illegible]

Curiously enough this opportunity almost immediately presented itself. Martha Ives had also been purchased by Detroit people and her brother Thomas had finally located her and came for her. Accordingly the party composed of James Moore and his sister Polly went by vessel about 200 miles to the Moravian towns where they met Martha Ives and her brother according to previous arrangements and the four proceeded overland on horseback to Pittsburg. Their route led directly through the hunting grounds of hostile Indians but a party of the friendly Moravians accompanied them and thus they reached Pittsburg in safety in the fall of 1789.

Make Trip in Spring

The party did not go on to Virginia that fall, on account of Mr. Ives dislocating his shoulder but remained at his uncle's until spring. Then having pretty well exhausted his resources, Ives went on with the Moores but left his sister at Pittsburg, returning for her later, however.

The Moores, with Ives, reached the home of the former's uncle about ten miles from Staunton, Virginia, the next spring and remained there some time.

But after several years, James Moore returned to his father's plantation in Tazewell county which gradually became more thickly settled after the close of the Indian Wars, although as already seen, it remained pretty much of a wilderness until the middle of the nineteenth century. Here he joined the Methodist Episcopal church, raised a large family, and lived for many years, a highly

(TRI-STATE REG...
CON'T)

James Moore Built His Tazewell County Home In 1775

Above is a sketch of James Moore's cabin, which he built in Abb's valley, Ta... well county, in 1775. The drawing is from a description of the place printed in an old and ... -of-print history.

end

article clipped by
Lant Rader Slaven

The Herald-Advertiser, Huntington, W. Va., Sunday Morning, July 28, 1929

P1 of 3

Tri-State Pioneers Suffered Greatly From Indian Raids

Not Until the Autumn of 1795, When the First Treaty of Greenville was Signed, were Settlers Relieved from Menace of Hostile, Organized Tribes; Peace Came Finally About 1812

THIS SECTION OF OHIO VALLEY IS RICH IN LORE OF ENGAGEMENTS WITH INDIANS

Colonel Abe Miller, of Quake Bottom, was the Head of the First Regiment of Militia Formed in Lawrence County to Fight the Wandering Band of Red Men at Close of the Century

BY R. C. HALL

From the time the white man first attempted to explore and settle what is now Ohio until the autumn of 1795 the hand of the Indian was raised against him. Even after that date the land was far from peaceful at times in certain localities, but before that it was a veritable nightmare. No white settlement was secure from the attack of the red man. No traveler ever passed through the forests or down the streams, in safety. Many are the stories of suffering and heroism, of daring deeds and hair-breadth escapes which fill the annals of that period of western history.

As the chief means of travel was on foot or by water, a goodly proportion of the immigrants to Ohio came down that river to their new homes or at least followed the river as long as it was practical or possible to do so. Traveling by river was comparatively safe as long as the boats held to the middle of the stream but as landings were frequently necessary in order to make repairs, secure food, etc. Indian massacres were not infrequent. Then too, the red man frequently enticed boats ashore by decoys, while sometimes they would fire upon them as they passed close to the shore.

One of these attacks which resulted in the killing of several men and untold suffering and hardship for a number of other people occurred near Huntington and Quaker Bottom, opposite east Huntington.

James Kelley, a Pennsylvanian, was one of the earliest settlers in Mason County, Ky., but his father, alarmed at the warlike activities of the Indians sent his other son, William to bring back James and his family to the old home.

Kelly Bros. slain accordingly (1 line missing) ... where the 26th street ferry now lands on

Twenty-sixth street ferry now lands on the Huntington side, and being rather close to that shore, they were suddenly fired on by a party of Indians concealed on the bank.

The two Kelly brothers were killed and the rest of the party hastily rowed for the Ohio shore where, as soon as the boat touched land, one of the men fled to the woods and was never heard of again.

Thus the party was reduced to Mrs. Kelly, a son of about 5 years and an infant daughter, and the one remaining passenger, who determined to do all he could to protect the helpless woman and children. Can you picture this little group on the banks of the Ohio where Bradrick now stands, surrounded by a forest filled with wild animals and the scarcely less wild red man; with no known living white person closer than Gallipolis? However as that appeared their only hope they set out on foot. But after traveling a few miles, probably as far as where Proctorville now stands, Mrs. Kelly was bitten by a copper-head snake. After receiving what little first aid treatment was available, her companion, having concealed her and the children in some pawpaw bushes, set out alone for Gallipolis for help. In order to avoid the Indians who soon were after him and who apparently thought he would follow the river, he struck inland and in about four days reached the settlement at Gallipolis. A party of 30 men was hastily recruited and started down the river in a keel boat.

Starving Party Saved

During the man's absence, Mrs. Kelley had sent her little son at intervals to the river's edge to hail any boat that might pass. And several did pass but not one would stop. Too many boats had --

[illegible] Too many boats had already been enticed to their destruction by similar pitiable tales, and the stern boatmen saw in imagination, back of the boy, the forest filled with savages waiting to fall upon them as soon as they reached shore. However, the heart of some boatmen was finally touched and thinking that the Indians would hardly use so young a boy for a decoy, they rowed ashore and took the starving party on board, just as the relief boat rounded the bend up stream. The latter soon arrived and Mrs. Kelly and the two children, now revived by food and dry clothing happily embarked again for Pennsylvania where they arrived in due time in safety.

Other events similar to the above caused the Governor of Kentucky to take some action to protect parties coming and going between settlements in his state and the east. Accordingly four spies were appointed to continually patrol the river between Maysville and the mouth of the Big Sandy where the depredations appeared to be the worst. Samuel Davis, Nathaniel Beasley, Samuel McDowell and Duncan McArthur, the latter afterwards becoming governor of Ohio, were chosen for this hazardous work.

However in the autumn of 1792, Davis being discharged from this service, accompanied by William Campbell set out from Massie's Station, now Manchester, Ohio, for a winter's hunt on the Big Sandy.

A frontier settlement had been established near the head of the latter stream and this had aroused the Indians to activity. A body of some 30 from the Ohio tribes was formed

And set out again The crossed the Ohio - - - - - Bottom landing at the mouth

and set out again. They crossed the Oh[illegible] Bottom landing at the mouth of the Guyandotte and proceeded across country to the head of the Big Sandy. But the settlers were prepared for them and so after loosing a number in killed and wounded, and having secured but one prisoner and a few horses they retreated, taking the short cut down the Big Sandy for the Ohio.

Now it so happened that McDowell and Campbell were returned from their hunt, intent on crossing the Ohio before it should freeze over or become filled with ice, as winter was fast approaching.

Captured By Indians

Although they had seen no signs of Indians they used the habitual care of frontiersmen and slept on the hills and usually without fire. But on the night in question they had encamped on an island, cooked their supper late, and supposing themselves entirely concealed by the underbrush, they retired without putting out the fire.

They were aroused in the night by a voice and awoke to see themselves surrounded by Indians with uplifted weapons. Of course resistance was useless and the Indians after binding their captives started on. They soon reached the Ohio and ferried their wounded and prisoners across to what is now South Point and leaving a guard over the prisoners they returned for their baggage, horses, etc.

It was very difficult to make the horses swim the icy river and much time was lost in the attempt, during which Davis afterward maintained they might have escaped if the other prisoners had co-operated with him but they were fearful of the outcome and refused to make the attempt.

Finally the whole party reached the [illegible] extremity of Ohio and the [illegible] over land at the [illegible]

[illegible] was always spoken of in high esteem by his captors and other whites with whom he had dealings. However, Davis knew too well the character of his captors to have many peaceful moments while under their power and his mind was constantly filled with plans of escape. The trail taken by the party must have led directly across Lawrence county for it went by way of the salt licks in Jackson county and being handicapped by the wounded and a lot of baggage the party made but 10 or 12 miles a day so that it was several days before they reached Salt Creek in the southern part of Jackson county. As it was apaprent that the Indians would take their prisoners on to the Sandusky villages, and every day's journey brought them nearer this destination and further from all hope of rescue, Davis determined to make one supreme effort to escape. The fate of those who had suffered death at the stake and others who had undergone all torments short of such punishment was too fresh in his mind to allow him to submit to a similar fate willingly.

Tied To Captors

At night the Indians confined their captive by tying a thong of deer skin or other rope around his waist, then tying each end around the waist of a warrior, so that if he moved in the night he was certain to awaken one or both of the Indians who would quiet him with a few digs in the ribs.

On the morning in question he aroused one of them a little before time for the encampment to arise hoping that he would be released with this much in his favor but the Indian delivered a few blows about his body and ordered him to lie back down. A short time later however a few of the Indians got up and lighted the fire preparatory to getting their breakfast whereupon he again aroused one of the Indians to whom he was tied and complained that the rope was too tight. The Indian, seeing others up, arose and released his captive.

Davis arose, stretched, glanced about and took in the situation in an instant. The Indians had stacked their guns around a stake driven in the ground some little distance from the place where they had kindled their fire. He and his two immediate guards were about midway between the fire where the rest of the encampment was now gathered and the stack of guns. If he made a break through the crowd of Indians they would be closer on his tracks but would be unarmed while if he ran away from them they could grab their arms on the run while in pursuit.

He resolved upon the bolder course. Drawing back, he struck the Indian near him with all his might. The red man fell, headlong into the fire, while with the agility of a tiger, Davis sprang over his body through the crowd of astonished Indians and disappeared in the forest.

With the screeching of a thousand demons they sprang into action. One got so close on his heels that Davis thought for a moment he was gone, but just as he thought, not a shot was fired, and in a few moments the Indians gave up the immediate pursuit and returned for their guns. This gave Davis time to make good his escape.

Crossed At Waverly

He did not return through Lawrence county, however, but crossed over to near where Waverly now stands, and thence into the Ohio about eight miles below the mouth of the Scioto. Here he experienced the same difficulty which had confronted Mrs. Kelly. He could get no passing boatmen to believe his tale but finally after offering to swim to one boat, if the men would row a little closer, they gave in and took him in, and he soon reached Manchester again, in safety.

While Davis traversed Lawrence County from south to north, Major Isaac Bonser crossed it under more favorable auspices from west to east. In the spring of 1795 Major Bonser came from Pennsylvania and settled near the mouth of the Little Scioto river. In the fall of that year he started back to Pennsylvania in order to conduct five families of immigrants to his new location. He had not gone far until he came across a body of surveyors [illegible] by a man named Mar[illegible] way back east.

[illegible]y set apart by the government for the French settlers who had lost their holdings at Gallipolis through faulty deeds.

These surveyors were in a bad fix. They were attempting to reach Marietta by boat. Their provisions had about given out; their powder had become wet; and they were far from any settlement.

Bonser was not too favorably situated, himself. His baggage was heavy, he was traveling on foot, and he had no assistance in case of a surprise by Indians.

So he proposed to the surveyors that if they would take his baggage in their boat, and accommodate their pace to his, he would travel along the shore and kill enough game to supply the whole party. Of course the proposition was gladly accepted.

Game Was Plentiful

At night they camped together on the shore and Bonser took the wet powder, placed it in some convenient container they had along, propped it up at some distance from their camp fire, but close enough to get the benefit of the warmth, and dried it out, so that it was fit for use the next day. As they traveled along he found an abundance of game to fill all their needs. Deer, turkey, bear, buffalo and elk were all available in Lawrence County at that time, and there were no restrictions on the hunter's desires. In this manner, Bonser and the surveyors traveled until they reached Marietta, where they parted.

On August 3, 1795, over 1,000 Indians, the representatives of the 12 tribes inhabiting Ohio and some adjacent territory, met General Wayne at Greenville in what is now Darke County, Ohio and concluded there what is know as the first treaty of Greenville.

This treaty was supposed to put an end to hostilities between the two races, and it did in a large sense. However there were many Indians who roamed the forest, owning little allegiance to any tribe, and who little understood and cared less about the meaning of any treaty. They continued to burn, rob, and slay whenever by so doing they could get a little whiskey or acquire some plunder.

Lawrence County was troubled with these Indians for several years more. A militia regiment was organized among the early settlers and Abe Miller of Quaker Bottom became its colonel. He had been well trained for this work. When just a boy he and a companion were fishing in the Ohio near the mouth of Paddy Creek when they saw some Indians after them. The boys eluded them, however and ran up through the bushes under the river bank to Federal creek. They then waded up the creek to throw the Indians off the trail and finding a hollow log they crawled into it. They soon heard the Indians, some of whom actually walked across the log but failed to find the boys who remained concealed there a [illegible] and night before they thought it s[illegible] to venture out and make for home.

Woman Kills Indian

About the same time Miller's mother was out one day gathering cucumbers and digging potatoes when she saw an Indian lying in some pumpkin vines near by. Knowing that to attempt to give the alarm would be useless as the men folks were away, she quietly went on digging potatoes and pretending to be unaware of the Indian's presence. When she got close enough, however, she raised her hoe and struck at him with all her might taking the top of his head off. At another time Mrs. Miller went out to milk leaving her two small children sleeping in the cabin. When she returned she heard Indians in the attic above. Hastily grabbing up the children she ran to

"Tri State Pioneers" cont

the nearest neighbor who lived four miles distant. A posse of men hastened back to her home only to find it in ashes and the Indians gone.

Colonel Miller was a famous hunter as well as soldier. He went on long hunts over into Virginia. Once he tied a rope around his leg, crawled into a bear's den and shot the animal between the eyes. He then tied a rope to it and his brother dragged him out after which they both hauled the bear's body out. He frequently brought whole canoe loads of deer hams and bear meat down Guyandotte river.

Colonel Miller's cabin stood about a quarter of a mile east of what is now Proctorville and just below the mouth of Paddy Creek. He conducted a ferry there and afterwards moved it down to Guyandotte where it became the predecessor of the long established Guyandotte-Proctorville ferry.

During the War of 1812 the second treaty of Greenville was concluded by which many of the Ohio Indians agreed to aid the United States against England and thus the warlike activities of the red man were turned away from the settlers. Moreover many of the marauding bands had been wiped out so that the Indian disappeared from the history of southern Ohio almost completely although that section for several years more presented many aspects characteristic of the frontier.

end

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Lant Rader Slaven

P107

HAS SURVIVED 160 WINTERS

11B—Jan. 11, 1959 Sunday Gazette-Mail
Charleston W Va

Sturdy Structure Was Built to Stay

By J. W. Benjamin

Private residence, hospitable "ordinary," Presbyterian manse, military hospital, private residence again, hotel and inn—that is the history of one of Lewisburg's oldest buildings, sometimes designated historically as the "Market Street Stone House" and now Wright's Inn.

The old building, renovated so that to the casual observer it may be a bit difficult to tell the old from the new, stands on the northwest corner of Randolph and Court Sts. just across from the Greenbrier County courthouse.

It may have been built by Capt. Thomas Edgar, who later founded the town of Ronceverte four miles south on the Greenbrier River. Capt. Edgar was appointed to be county surveyor, as was the custom, by the president and professors of the college of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Va.

He came west of the Alleghenies prior to 1770. Under an act of the Virginia Assembly passed in 1782, he laid out the town of Lewisburg the same year.

In 1783, Capt. Edgar married Ann Mathews and bought two choice lots in the center of town. These were between present Court and Jefferson Sts., on present Washington (Main) St., in the center of today's business district.

* * *

SHORTLY thereafter the captain sold these lots and moved on up Market (now Court) St. J. Lockhart had bought this lot in the town auction of 1784.

Ruth Woods Dayton, who undoubtedly saved future historical writers a batch of trouble by doing such careful research for her definitive "Greenbrier Pioneers and Their Homes," points out that "later, in 1792, a deed is recorded from Hacob Skiles to Robert Roebuck, mentioning the buildings thereon occupied by Peter Wallenbarger and Robert Crawford." What type of buildings there were is not stated, and in 1796 a deed from Roebuck to Thomas Edgar speaks "for a part of the half acre lot," the deed further referring to the buildings thereon occupied by the said Thomas Edgar."

Whether Edgar built the beautiful old stone house standing there today at 201 N. Court or it was built shortly before he purchased the lot is another of those little puzzles of local history which simply can not be solved. And, of course, the answer is not too important.

The old house is in splendid condition despite its age, and give or take a few years, one way or the other, it has been there about 160 summers and winters.

It stands in line with the sidewalk. The walls of the central partition measure 23½ inches in thickness. The window sills measure 17½ inches deep, so the outside walls are also very thick. The two-story house has dormer windows and there are large chimneys at each end of the building.

The front door is 55 inches wide, "wider than any other seen in the county."

* * *

THE LONG PORCHES across the front and other additions through the years have changed the original appearance of the building, but it still has charm and a dependable sturdiness. Today ivy climbs up the southern end in an effective pattern of beauty which shows off the chimney to good advantage.

Look at the photo on this page, taken this fall for the Sunday Gazette-Mail. In imagination, take out that telephone pole on the corner. Remove the wires and the telephone sign. Change the Wright's Inn sign to a perhaps hand-lettered legend on hickory wood: "Edgar's Ordinary." Wave a wand and turn that automobile into a stage coach with patient horses waiting for a customer who is lingering beside the friendly fireplace inside. And we are right smack back in the early 19th century . . .

Edgar received land for his services as captain in the Revolutionary Army, established his home thereon at a place near the stoplight at the bottom of the hill which takes U. S. 219 down into Ronceverte.

Capt. Edgar, as was the custom quite often in those days, helped out both the traveling wayfarer and his own purse by taking out a license to operate an inn, known then as an "ordinary." This was probably in the 1790's, and the "ordinary" probably kept going under new management for a while.

Dr. John McElhenney, for 62 years pastor of Old Stone Presbyterian Church in Lewisburg, occupied the building for a time after he first came to town and took unto himself a bride.

* * *

THIS WAS PRIOR to the erection of the "old brick academy" to which Greenbrier College and Greenbrier Military School trace their beginnings, and Dr. McElhenney actually started his first private school in the old stone house.

John Mays bought the property from Edgar in 1813. It is likely there were no residents in the house during the Civil War. It is said to have been used as a military hospital, and almost surely was, since a building of its size would have been in demand.

Col. B. F. Harlow did not take the "test oath" following the war, could longer serve as an attorney in the court here, so invested in The Greenbrier Independent, a weekly newspaper. He edited and published this for some years, beginning in June, 1866. The Independent, "The Old Hometown Paper," is edited and published today by J. Bright Hern. Harlow lived in the old stone house.

The house became the Lewisburg Hotel, operated for a number of years by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cooper.

For the past nine years it has been operated by Mr. and Mrs. Oscar V. Wright. "Wright's Inn" has been renovated to some extent on the inside, too, and one does not find himself in what were probably the rather austere surroundings of "Edgar's Ordinary."

The rooms one enters are beautifully and tastefully furnished. The old-time charm has been retained. In season, one will find flowers in abundance. And in warm weather the permanent and transient guests of the old stone house like nothing better than to sit on the porch and watch the world go by.

After all, interesting things happen at the courthouse just across the way—even as they did in another era when the road between was deep in dust or rutted with mud, buggies and horses vied for room as lawyers and witnesses hurried off to North's Star Tavern or some other hostelry in the town—those not fortunate enough to be staying right across the street, that is—and life moved at a quieter and often-times pleasanter pace.

The old stone house has seen them come and seen them go—judges, attorneys, witnesses, prisoners at the bar, peddlers, the great and the near-great, and plain hangers-on. It will still be standing there serenely when another generation comes along.

end

article clipped by
Lant Rader
Slaven

"Settling Our Valley"

By C. S. Wiley

PVG 2

The Gazette's Magazine Section, September 16, 1956

Condensed for The Magazine by George E. Lawless

"FIRST Family" claims not withstanding, the original settlers of the Kanawha Valley probably ate raw meat, killed for crude stone and bone ornaments, and worshiped heathern idols.

But the early Primitives and Moundbuilders left more permanent reminders of their existence than their successors, the Indians.

Ruins of ancient walls on Armstrong and Loup creeks, and the mysterious mounds at South Charleston and in Mason County, indicate that primitive people trod the valley forests long centuries before the white man came.

Hundreds of pieces of relic Indian pottery and other utensils once used in salt manufacture attest the temporary workings of the Indian as he paused to evaporate salt at one of many salt licks along the Kanawha River.

Actually, the first white settlers in what is now West Virginia were Scotch-Irish and German, with an admixture of Welch, English and Dutch. The Germans were known as Pennsylvania Dutch. The Scotch-Irish were descendants of the Scotch-Presbyterians sent into Ulster, or Northern Ireland, by James I to break down the reign of Catholicism. Their first stop in this country was Pennsylvania, and they later moved down into the valley of Virginia.

* * *

WHEN THE Trans-Allegheny barrier was broken by explorers, the people "jammed" along the Atlantic Seaboard spilled through the mountain gaps westward. By 1770, settlement had taken place in both ends of the Kanawha Valley. From the east they followed the James and Greenbrier rivers; from the west they descended the Ohio River via the Cumberland Road and the National Road (now U. S. 40).

The settlement of western Virginia was based soley on land grants to companies and not to individuals. The Ohio Company (Associates) composed of Lawrence and Augustine Washington (half-brothers of George) and other Virginia gentlemen was one of the most important English companies interested in Trans-Allegheny settlement. Formed in 1748, the firm was promised 200,000 acres in the Monongahela Valley and an additional 300,000 provided it could settle at least 200 families on the first grant within a seven-year period. The Greenbrier Company, formed in 1745, was given 10,000 acres in the present Greenbrier County region.

* * *

SETTLEMENT WAS hampered by many skirmishes between the French and Indians. With the close of the French and Indian War, the push westward picked up steam.

Col. George Washington was one who traveled as far as the Great Kanawha Valley, seeking choicer lands and avoiding claims disputes of cluttered regions eastward. . . While he located lands along the Ohio and Kanawha rivers, contrary to popular opinion he did not survey them. Instead, at the mouth of Kanawha, trees were marked as beginning points of surveys, and courses and directions of streams were charted.

When the deeds were finally recorded, Washington planned to settle a colony of Germans for a few years' tenure. Failing in this, his agent found persons in England and Ireland willing to bind themselves to a term of years. James Cleveland set out with the indentured "pioneers" for the Kanawha Valley just as Washington was leaving to take command of the Continental Army. The group settled on the south side of the Kanawha River, near the mouth of Nine Mile Creek, in what is now Mason County.

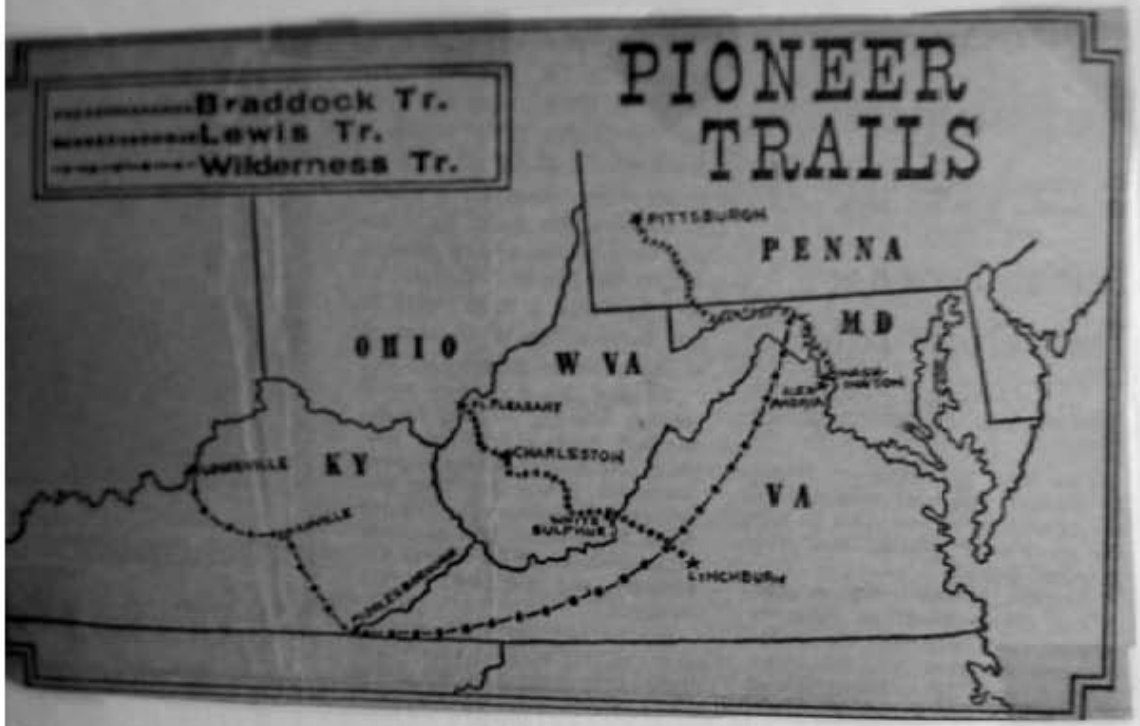
DURING THE years 1771 to 1774, huge land tracts were accorded to Washington, George Muse, Dr. James Craik, William Bronaugh, John Savage, Thomas Bullitt, William Wright, Captain Andrew Lewis, Col. Adam Stephen, Capt. Petter Hogg, Andrew Wagener, John West and others.

The different surveys embraced practically all the acreage lying below the present site of Charleston northwest to the Ohio. These level lowlands were prime agricultural lands, considered choice for early settlers. Ironically, the narrow upper valley tracts, so rich in natural resources, were considered undesirable and left to straggling settlers.

LEONARD MORRIS is considered the first permanent valley settler. Morris reputedly came from the Shenandoah Valley in 1771 and build a cabin near Cedar Grove. He later brought his family to a site near the mouth of Lens Creek, just east of present-day Marmet. The village which grew from this settlement in 1774 was first known as Louisa or Elizaville after Morris' wife, Louisa.

Other early settlers were Walter Kelly, in 1773 near Cedar Grove; William Morris Sr., whose heirs eventually encompassed the entire valley; and the Flinn family, which settled on the Kanawha River bank opposite Cabin Creek.

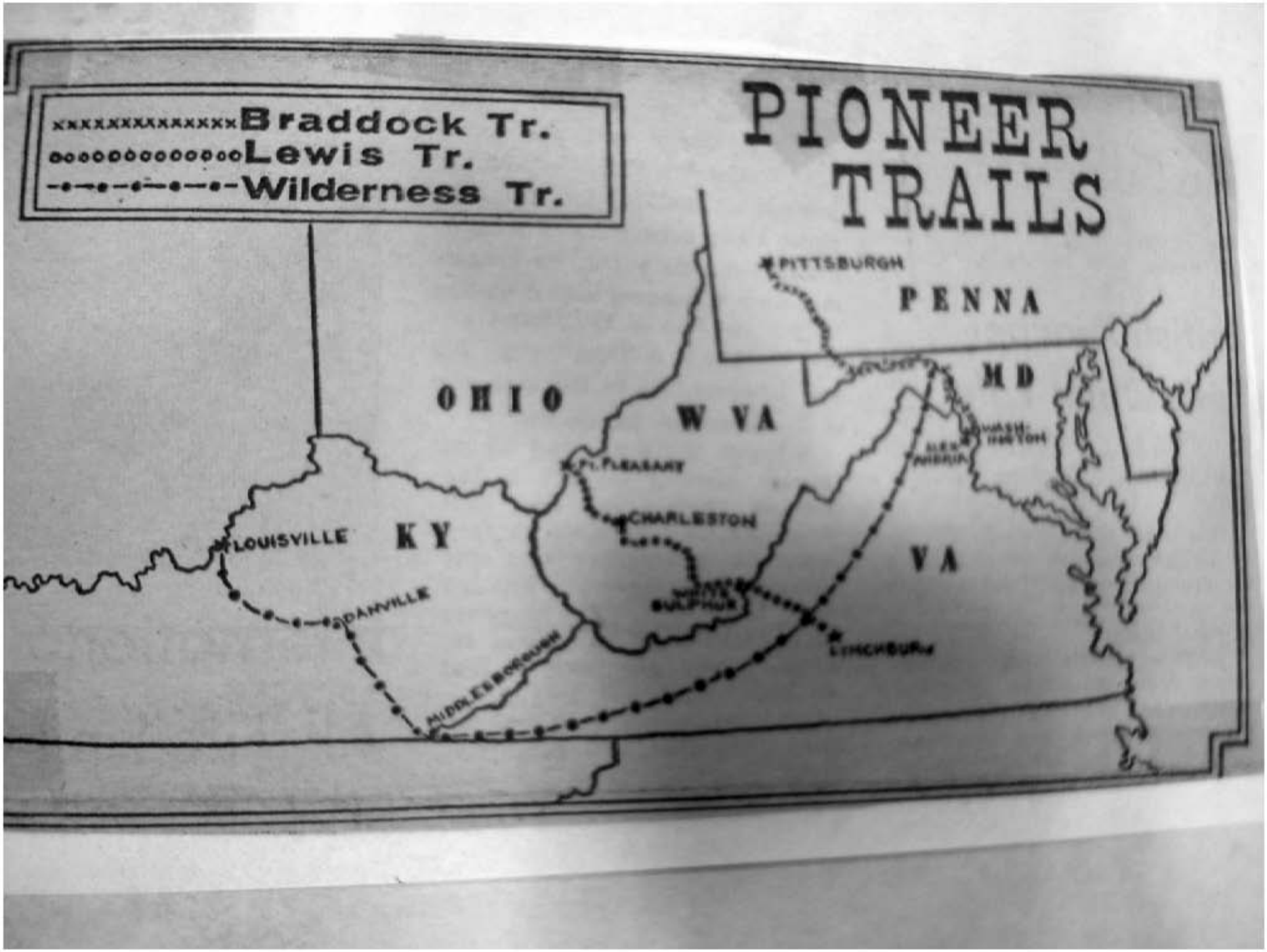
The present site of Charleston was officially surveyed by Thomas Bullitt about 1775. The survey tract embraced 1,040 acres covering the whole of what is now Charleston's East End. Other tracts were located below Elk River and near present-day Nitro.



THESE ANCIENT trails were among the first to broach the then-imposing barrier of the Appalachians and opened the western lands to piedmont-locked settlers. Another important thoroughfare linking east and west was the Ohio River. Many of the old trails —or sections of them—now serve as highways.

article clipped by Kent Rader Alaska

Settling Our


PIONEER TRAILS
Braddock Tr.
Lewis Tr.
Wilderness Tr.
PITTSBURGH
PENNA
OHIO
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VA
LOUISVILLE
CHARLESTON
DANVILLE
LYNCHBURG